RELIGIONS COMPLAINT

To the honourable Ladyes of Scotland, *lamenting for* the torne eſtate of that Kirk and Kingdome.

REmark (Madams,) remark my mourning mood,
I am Religion, who was borne in blood,
In blood I grew, and as I firſt began,
I feare my laſt gaſp like the Pelican
Shall bee in blood; for at the Worlds firſt houre,
When on this earth there livde but only foure,
Ev'n then for my ſake One of that ſmall band,
His blood cryde vengeance at my Fathers hand:
And then when men increaſde and multiplyed,
I was by mortalls baſely vilifyed,
For which it pleaſde my Father in his wrath,
To ſend a flood that ſwallowed up the earth,
Eight perſons only ſafe, (O fearefull cace)
Neglect or mee deſtroyde all humane race:
And yet this hideous deluge in ſhort ſpace,
Was ſtreight forgot by mortalls wanting grace.
Thereafter for my cauſe great warres began,
That mercileſſe and cruell hearted man
Did dreg the Infants from their mothers wombes,
Made ſucklings cradles to become their tombes,
Raviſhing women, waſting everie Land,
Burning faire buildings againſt Gods command,
Defacing Temples, and monuments rare,
Acting all wrath without remorſe or feare,
And let mee (tender Ladyes) make complaint,
It calmes a wofull heart when woes get vent)
And let mee tell what wrongs, what injuries,
What foule diſgraces, and what calumnies
Which I have ſuffered, and all thoſe that love
My Name; to heare it, it would quickly move
An heart of flinty ſtone to melt in teares,
To retrograde it would compell the ſpheares,
Yea, it would cauſe the red Sea part aſunder,
To heare my griefes, which doe ſurpaſſe all wonder:
And you (chaſt Dames) let teares fall from your eyes,
To heare mee tell my diſmall Tragedies:
When firſt from *Egypt* I was put to flight,
With ſix hundreth thouſand warriours of might,
I was perſued by *Pharao*, where, if I,
Had not beene ſav'd by God mirac'louſly,

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I had beene periſht: yet in end I fand
For curſed *Egypt* a *Canaan* land:
Then was I taken in a litle ſpace
By *Nebuchadnezer* in moſt baſe diſgrace,
And kept in bondage as a lawfull pryſe
While *Zedechiah* wanted both his eyes:
Then did *Antiochus* ov'r mee tyrannize,
Diſchargde my offrings, and my ſacrifice.
Yea, my owne countrie-men the *Iewes*, I meane,
When as the Saviour of the world was ſlaine,
Gave mee a deadly blow, and for that blow
The *Romans* did their kingdome overthrow,
Did make them ſlaves, and did them all diſperſe,
Like vagabounds throughout this Vniverſe.
Then after Chriſt came *Arrius* with his word,
And in my bellie thought to have ſheatht his ſword,
Yea with the venome of his ſtinking breath,
(I meane his doctrine) hee infect the earth,
Hee kindled ſuch a great combuſtious fire,
That kindoms againſt kingdoms did conſpire,
And altars againſt altars contradicted,
And all that lovde mee were with death afflicted,
So that in end I was perforc'd to flie
From *Aſia* for feare of crueltie
To *Europe*, where I did in heart ſuppoſe,
To find ſafeguard to ſave mee from my foes,
No ſooner had I feeble footing got
In *Europe*, but I was conſtraind to trot,
And for to pack mee hence with diligence,
For the proud *Perſians* with all violence,
The barbarous and bold *Arrabians*
The *Ethiopians* and *Aſſyrians*,
This *omne-gathrum* rout of rudeſt raſcalls,
Are cald *Saracens* the *Turks* damnde Vaſſalls,
They ſeazde upon mee under this pretence,
To get renowne and high preheminence,
To *Mahumet*, and to his *Alcaron*,
To drowne my Name in deepe oblivion.
And had not GOD with *Godfrey* tane my part,
I had beene gone in deſpite of my heart:
At length to *Scotland* I betooke my ſelf,
Where, for three hundreth yeares ſpace and an half,
I was moſt truely both profeſt and preacht,
And to the people moſt ſincerely teacht,
While that *Rome* with her filthie ſtinking puddle
(For which I ſtill her anathem and wouddle)
Polluted my faire Sanctuaries all,
And to blind ſuperſtition made mee thrall.
Vntill the time brave *Knox*, my Darling deare,
Brought from *Geneva* reformation heere,
And *Norman Leſlie*, everiewhere renownd,
Gave *Beton* for my cauſe a gaſping wound,
And ever ſince I have remainde among you,
And for my ſake no man had power to wrong you,
And whiles the *French* with the *Italian*,
The *Switzer* with the loftie proud *Almain*,
The *Turk* with *Chriſtians*, *Africa* with *Spaine*
The *Perſian* with the *Tark* in high diſdaine
Wag'd warre: yet ſtill my all-protecting Grace
Remaind with you in plentie and in peace:
Yet all thoſe ſtraits, and all thoſe torturing toſſings,
Which I have tryde, I laught them ov'r as ſportings:
But now alas, I'me wounded to the death,
Since my defender *Charles*, my life, my breath,
Hath taken armes againſt you for my ſake,
My ſwelling heart will quickly burſt and breake,
Vnleſſe I whiſper in his gratious eares,
That my meek ſoule abhorrs all jarrs and warrs:
I doe not love mad *Vulcans* reuthleſſe thunders,
Nor yet no battells maſſacrizing hunders.
An olive branch ſent with a Dove of peace,
Is all I beg moſt humbly from his Grace:
Both land and people are his owne: and heere
Hee was begot, borne, bred for many a yeare,
Heere is the roote of all his royall race,
Heere rocked in his cradle was his Grace,
Heere did your Ladiſhips with tender hands,
Inveſt his Highneſſe in his ſwadling bands,
And heere when as his Grace began to weepe,
With ſweet *balowes* you lulld his eyes aſleepe,
And ſo it doth ſurpaſſe all ſenſe and wit,
To think his Grace can his own ſoyle forget,
And to ſtorme-foorth his princely wrath on babies,
On widowes, orphans, mayds and ſakeleſſe Ladyes,
The prudent heathen, (as records imparts)
Did love their countrie dearer than their hearts:
Creta, great *Iove* did love above all lands,
And *Iuno* lyked *Samos* fruitleſſe ſands,
Apollo did the flowrie *Tenedon*
Deſpiſe: and als the zephyrus *Claron*,
But his ſweet *Delos* where *Latona* lyes
Hee loves above all earth beneath the skyes,
Vlyſſes lov'd his Mountaine highland ſoyle,
Ithace, where no pleaſure is but toyle.
As deare as *Creta* was to *Iove*, wee knoe,
As deare as *Samos* was to rich *Iuno*,
As loving as the kindly *Delos* bee
To bright *Apollo*: ſo the ſame are yee
Vnto your Prince: or els I wiſh a rope
Who loves not, may prove their horoſcope.
Then (thou *IEHOVA*) who all Kings commands,
(For all their hearts are hammer'd by thy hands)
It's thou that made them Gods on earth, wee ken,
Yet thou haſt ſaid, that they ſhall die as men.
Teach him to fling *Romes* frogs, my foes, away
And pacifie his royall rage, I pray.

FINIS.

By *P. M.*

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